

AN INDIAN MEMORIAL

ERECTED BY SIOUX ON WOUNDED KNEE BATTLEFIELD.

Shaft to Commemorate Those Who Fell in that Bloody Fight—The Last Great Stand of the Red Race Against the White.

On a little knoll overlooking Wounded Knee battlefield on the Pine Ridge agency, in South Dakota, 5,000 Sioux Indians recently gathered to dedicate a monument recently erected to the memory of those who fell at that place Dec. 29, 1900. Following the example of the whites who called the battle of the Little Big Horn the "Custer massacre," the Sioux have called the battle of Wounded Knee the "Big Foot massacre," because Big Foot was the chief under whom they fought in that last



THE MONUMENT, and most disastrous effort of the Indians to resist the march of civilization. Many of those warriors who rode in the whirlwind of death which engulfed Custer's men at the Little Big Horn went to their death at Wounded Knee, and this monument is to their memory. The celebration was the first of its kind observed by the Indians of this country and marks the progress which civilization is making among them.

The Wounded Knee fight was the last great stand of the red race against the white and was caused through the agency of Sitting Bull, who was to the northern Indians what Geronimo was to the southwestern tribes. He aroused their patriotism to the fighting spirit, and in addition he animated each brave with "medicine," which he claimed made them invulnerable to bullets from the white man's pistol. And every Indian thoroughly believed this.

To accomplish his purpose, Sitting Bull originated the "ghost," or "Medicine dance," which soon spread through the Sioux nation like fire over the western prairie. This dance was only a preliminary to being anointed with the "medicine" and was a mixture of the war and square dance, except that the dancers circled around a tall pole on which was hung a skin containing the medicine. The eyes of the dancers were continually fixed on this spot, their eyes thrown upward. It is said the dancers, in time, became actually hypnotized and fell on the ground in a cataleptic fit. While in this state they had visions of what was to happen to the white men who opposed the Indian when anointed with the "medicine." These visions were all alike. Buffalo would return; white men be all killed, the Great Spirit had informed them that the white man's bullet could not injure them any more; and, above all, that Sitting Bull must be obeyed implicitly.

Preparing for War.
After the Indians had danced all during the fall of 1900, about 90 per cent of the entire Sioux tribe became firm followers of Sitting Bull; had interviewed the Great Spirit, and had been anointed with "medicine" by their high priest or medicine man.

When the Indians got into the condition that Sitting Bull could be sure his every order would be obeyed, the "ghost" dancing ceased and preparations for war began. Then it was that the commanding officer of the United States troops at Fort Yates was ordered to arrest old Sitting Bull and confine him in prison at the agency of Standing Rock for the time being.

Sitting Bull was camped forty miles away from the agency, but a squad of fifty cavalrymen started after the old Indian early on Dec. 15.

The Indian police, commanded by Bull Head and Shave Head, were within striking distance of Sitting Bull's camp several days before the cavalry took leave of the fort.

Sitting Bull's cabin was almost surrounded by the fanatical "ghost dancers," but the Indian police managed to reach the house and arrest the old fellow. Sitting Bull's young son slipped from the house and aroused the "ghost dancers," who soon swarmed around the little party of police.

After the police mounted their horses to return with Sitting Bull, that old warrior called upon his followers to rescue him, and Strike-the-Kettle and Catch-the-Bear dashed up at full speed to the two police who guarded the prisoner, and shot them. Both guards were killed, but in falling Bull Head, a guard, wheeled, and instead of shooting his assailant, shot Sitting Bull dead.

The police then took refuge in Sitting Bull's cabin, which was immediately surrounded by hundreds of yelling, frantic Indians. The soldiers came up at that moment, and the ghost dancers fled to the timber, half a mile away.

An hour later an incident happened which showed the sublime faith his followers had in Sitting Bull, and which had a great bearing upon the future of the Indians and led directly to the battle fought two weeks later by the ghost dancers at Wounded Knee—the battle which the monument commemorates.

While the troops were preparing to return to the fort, carrying the dead body of Sitting Bull with them, an Indian riding at full speed emerged from the woods into which they had gone when the soldiers appeared. Straight towards the assembled soldiers rode the red man, until he halted on a small knoll about eighty yards away.

Dressed (or rather undressed) in full war paraphernalia, eagle war bonnet, war paint, war lance, etc., and war shirt which Sitting Bull had anointed, the warrior stood like a copper statue on the knoll, while every soldier and Indian police in the troop fired point blank at him again and again. For five minutes he sat on his horse, immovable, drawing the fire of the ninety men, most of whom were crack shots. Then the firing ceased and every soldier in the troop applauded the wonderful nerve of the warrior. He had

MISS HELEN BISHOP.



Miss Bishop was the minister's daughter, whose killing by a negro caused a mob at Wilmington, Del., to burn the miscreant at the stake.

been testing the efficiency of the "medicine" of Sitting Bull.

Apparently satisfied, he turned his back on the soldiers and rode again at full speed for the timber, never looking back. Two weeks later this same Indian started the fight at Wounded Knee by brainning Captain Wallace in the presence of his entire company.

Killing of Capt. Wallace.

Dec. 28 the Indians were camped on Wounded Knee creek, waiting for a conference the following day with Gen. Forsythe, commanding the troops. During the day the scouts Little Bat and Lone Star had been among the Sioux Indians, led by Big Foot, and had learned the serious condition of affairs. The following morning they reported to Gen. Forsythe that the Indians would probably resist unless an overwhelming force of soldiers was brought up. Forsythe did not agree with the scout and continued to advance.

But Capt. Wallace, who believed the report of the scout, together with "Little Bat" and "Lone Star," rode ahead of the troops, in order to pacify the Indians.

The three men drew in close to the troops of savages which had advanced to meet them, and then "Lone Star" recognized the daring warrior who had tried his medicine two weeks before that day. He, together with several other Indians, left the main body and advanced toward Capt. Wallace.

Suddenly, from within the crowd, arose the shrill death song of the Sioux. Both the scouts now saw the deadly danger in which all three stood, but Capt. Wallace did not understand, and before he could be warned, held out his hand to greet the advancing braves.

From their positions, neither of the scouts could fire and Capt. Wallace walked toward his death, oblivious of the terrible fate awaiting him.

The singing Indian grasped Capt. Wallace's outstretched hand, and suddenly drawing his other hand from beneath his blanket, struck the brave captain a terrible blow with a tomahawk, killing him instantly.

But the medicine shirt failed to protect the Indian from the bullet which left the pistol of "Lone Star" a moment later, and the savage fell dead with a bullet through his heart.

The Bloody Gulch.
The two scouts backed away, firing as they went, and in turn received the fire of the entire band. Both escaped without a scratch. But not so the Indians. A number were killed by the bullets before the soldiers got into action. The Indians broke for cover and succeeded in reaching a ravine from which the soldiers could not drive them.

Gen. Forsythe wrote an order for reinforcements and handed it to Lone Star, who rode the fourteen miles to the agency in thirty-five minutes. In 1 hour and 28 minutes the reinforcements dashed up, the soldiers having left too hurriedly to place saddles on their horses.

But they had brought the galling guns with them. These were new to the Indians, who did not understand the rapid fire. Three of these were placed in position to rake the ravine, and the slaughter began. The savages could not escape, and later in the day the ravine was found to be actually choked with dead Indians, more than two hundred lying within a space of a few hundred feet. (The Indians still call this "Bloody Gulch.")

The soldiers that day lost Capt. Wallace and twenty-four men killed and thirty-four wounded.

But under the spot on which the Indian monument rests are the bones of more than two hundred and fifty Indians who were killed that day, and for many months it was nothing uncommon to discover the bleached skeleton of an Indian lying in the grass anywhere in the neighborhood of the battlefield. The exact number of killed was never known.

SINGING BULLETS

Are Harmless, but the Silent Missiles Cause All the Trouble.

"Don't be afraid of a bullet that you've heard whistle," said another old soldier. "If it sings in your ear, rest assured that it will never harm you. It is a fact, as any old soldier will tell you, that you never hear the bullet which hits you. It is a problem of 'windage,' as the boys in the army called it. In other words, the bullet which you hear sing has already sped past you, and the bullet which hits you has passed in the ear of some other fellow in passing before it got to you. It is

a simple proposition, after all. The singing of the bullet is the atmospheric vibration which is created and the resistance which the air offers to the progress of the bullet. This cannot be detected by the ear until the bullet has crossed a parallel line with the ear. It may sail over your head or whizz close to the ground, but if it passes you at all the ear will catch the sound of its flight. To the soldier of many battles the voice of the bullet is music. He knows that he need have no dread of the bullet that sings in his ears. It is the bullet that he does not hear that must be feared, and it is this bullet which always brings harm to him. No soldier ever heard the bullet which inflicted a wound on him. I was amused by a raw soldier who was attached to our command. It was his first time on the firing line. We were skirmishing, and some sharpshooters were having some fun at our expense. A bullet whizzed close to him. Faintly we could hear the crack of the rifle, but it was not distinct enough to alarm even a novice. The singing of the bullet, however, brought a blanched expression to his face. He did not wince, however. We were lying in the edge of the woods. Another bullet buzzed by. 'I don't like the sound,' said the younger soldier. Zip! Another bullet spent the air close to his head. He was paler still. 'Comrade,' he said to me, between bleated lips, 'I don't want to be shot from ambush; let's charge the devils!' I told him not to fear a bullet that had spoken to him on its flight, but he did not like the idea of lying there in the woods and listening to the voice of these invisible messengers of death."—Baltimore American.

MODESTY OF THE TRULY GREAT

How Gladstone and Darwin Regarded Themselves.

In "Studies in Contemporary Biography," which James Bryce has just published, are two stories which have caused some of the critics to express astonishment at the "modesty of the great," says an exchange. The stories are these:

Meeting Mr. Gladstone in the lobby, and seeing his face saddened by the troubles in Ireland, Mr. Bryce tried to divert his thoughts by mentioning a recent discovery—to wit: that Dante had been saved from want in his last years by a lectureship at Ravenna. Mr. Gladstone's face lit up at once, and he said: "How strange it is to think that these great souls, whose works are a beacon light to all the generations that have come after them, should have had cares and anxieties to vex them in their daily life, just like the rest of us common mortals."

"The words reminded me," adds the author, "that a few days before I had heard Mr. Darwin, in dwelling upon the pleasure a visit paid by Mr. Gladstone had given him, say: 'And he talked just as if he had been an ordinary person like one of ourselves. The two men were alike unconscious of their greatness.'"

1. Is only the little who think themselves great. They are like those who do not know much, and, therefore, imagine that there is not much to know. The great do not think themselves so, just as the learned are overwhelmed by their ignorance. In the same way, it is not the socially important who are affected and impertinent, but the unimportant.

A Town Doubly Incorporated.
A peculiar complication has arisen in Oregon over the question whether a town incorporated two times over is legally incorporated at all. A Senate bill and a House bill incorporating the town of Adams in Umatilla county were passed by both houses and reached the governor, who signed them both. They were supposed to be exactly alike, but on examination it was found that the boundaries are slightly differently defined. In the bill which last became law and thus superseded the first bill the boundary lines do not go completely around the town.

The Lively Old Settlement.
"How's the old settlement now?" "Lively! Only last Wednesday we had a strawberry festival, a literary barbecue, and a fashionable hanging!"—Atlanta Constitution.

All other linkages in the family in some become needle's eyes by comparison with the big hole through which money must pour for a child's education at college.

When a woman has poor luck with her cake, the family are allowed to have all they want.

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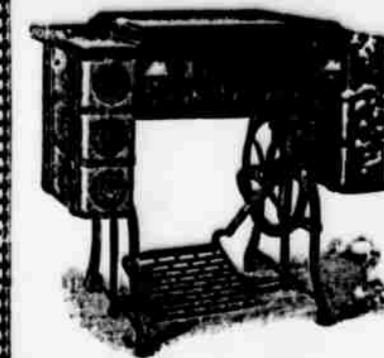
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